

before the youthful Christian had attained his eleventh year. On the whole he was one of the best and wisest sovereigns Denmark ever possessed—a little arbitrary in his ordinances. He is said, during the course of his life, to have read the Bible through twice "from Genesis to Revelations," which, considering what a deal he had to do, and that reading was somewhat of an effort in those days, was very much to his credit.

The earlier castle of Frederic II. was of small dimensions, and his son Christian IV. determined to erect on the same site a building of unprecedented splendour. When the plans were submitted to his council, they all exclaimed at the extravagance of the design, and prophesied that the king would never be able to put into execution so expensive an undertaking; but Christian laughed at their fears, and not only completed his palace, but, with a sort of bravado, erected a summer-house in the adjoining forest, which he termed his spare penge, the produce of his economies. There can be no doubt he did things at a cheaper rate than most sovereigns, for he was a practical man—saw to everything, even to the most minute details: he employed no master of the works; he every Saturday night paid his workmen their wages himself, seated on a stone in the wood hard by, which is still pointed out to the visitor. This energetic sovereign did not disdain to enter into the smallest details of household economy, turning everything to the best account; though, on the other hand, whenever he did anything, he did it well, and the monuments of his reign remain still untouched by the ravages of time, while those of his successors have long since passed away.

Who was the real architect of the existing palace none can say. It may be inferred that Christian employed many different artists to design plans, and adopted them according to his pleasure. In the church of the adjoining village of Slangerup hangs the epitaphium of John of Fribourg, which declares him to have been the architect of Frederiksberg, followed up with a modest remark, that, when the palace no longer exists, his name would be remembered. In all probability John of Fribourg, Steenwinkel, David Balfour, Inigo Jones, all in the yearly service of the Danish king, shared alike in its construction.

We arrived by the long avenue to the gate house, passing to the left the old-fashioned garden which runs down to the edge of the lake, from which the palace rises imposing with its lofty towers. These towers of Christian IV.'s days are unique in Europe, with their lofty caps, half spire, half cupola, spitted with crowns, and surmounted by turning vanes. (See p. 809.)

The gate-house under which we now pass is of stone and connected with the castle by a corridor supported on six arches, which traverses the moat, in the style of Chenonceaux: this is the only portion of the building constructed in stone-work. In a room close to the gate-house was situated the mint of Christian IV., for he coined his money under his own eyes, and, when struck off, the gold was brought in sacks to his own apartment, whence he saw it poured down a shaft, which still exists, into the treasure-room below. Monstrous sharp was King Christian, as his mint-master, John Engelbrecht by name, of peculating mind, found to his cost; for, convicted of cheating his royal master, Christian made no trial, no fuss, but ordered out the culprit into the courtyard of the castle, and there on an improvised block of stone (which the custode will point out) chopped off his head with his own royal hands.

Passing along the moat-side, we arrived at another gateway into the outer court, built of red brick, stone mullions and copings, much in the style of Hampton Court Palace. To the right, in face of the castle, stands the lofty clock-tower, and then, turning to the bridge, you arrive at the splendid Renaissance gateway, richly ornamented and decorated with the shields and armorial bearings of Christian himself, and those of his Queen Anne of Brandenburg. A screen-work of brick, enriched with twelve niches, each containing a stone statue, separates the *cour d'honneur* from the moat. Very grand is the inner court; to the right stands the chapel, above which is placed the Riddersaal; in front an ornamented marble loggia, filled with statues of the same material, and richly ornamented with copper. This gallery is known to have been erected from the designs of Steenwinkel. In former days the mullions of the windows were gilded; two or three have been restored some years since—a barbarous taste, imitated in later days by the Russian Empress at her palace of Tzanko Celso.

Turning to the right, we now enter the chapel through its highly-wrought doorway. The sacred edifice is long and narrow, too narrow perhaps for the beauty of its proportions, and is surrounded by a gallery: it is gorgeous in Renaissance fret-work, gorgeous in its gilding and colour, all of which tone down together, one with another, into a harmony which commands your admiration. The royal closets below are of exquisite marqueterie; the high altar a *chef-d'œuvre* of ebony, mother-o'-pearl, and goldsmith's work; the pulpit a gem of richness.

Above, adjoining the organ, richly carved, painted, and gilded—all in character with the building—is the royal closet, lined with ebony, marqueterie, and empanelled pictures by Dutch artists of merit, chiefly sacred subjects, with the exception of one by Reinhold Timm, a drawing master of Soro, in which Christian is represented clad in his shroud, praying before Our Saviour, who appears in the clouds above. In this closet stands a table of Florentine mosaic, in which you will observe a round hole pierced on one side, the work of Czar Peter. He could not believe it was inlaid; so, practical and disagreeable, he bored a hole with his dagger, just as a child pulls to pieces the works of his watch, or some toy set in motion by simple mechanism. On the window you will see engraved, by the hands of King Christian IV. himself, the words—"Make haste and save your soul." Here in this royal chapel is solemnised the coronation of each Danish sovereign. The silver lions from Rosenborg come down for the occasion, as well as the chairs of silver and the horn of the narwal. Along the gallery up stairs are suspended the shields of the knights of the "most noble order of the Elephant," one of the most ancient orders of chivalry existing, and of which all crowned heads, highnesses royal and serene, together with the leading diplomatists of Europe, are members; and further down those of the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog. After the deaths of the knights the shields are removed to the Riddersaal below, a fine oblong room of Christian IV.'s period, vaulted and supported down the centre with columns of marble, and hung with black and gold stamped leather: this once formed the banquetting hall, where after the great hunting parties King Christian dined, together with his brother huntamen.

Mounting a winding staircase, you now enter the